Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

THANKSGIVING-DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A LIFE more happy seemed to fill
The homestead heath the sheltering hill.
A gentle stir, like winds at play,
That kept in mind Thanksgiving-Day.

Upon the roof-tree, sloping down,
Of late had come a glistening crown
Of snow, and drooped beneath the eaves
The woodbine's red and withered leaves.

As thus the homestead peaceful stood
Amidst the winter quietude,
Inside the house she plied her art
With busy hand and anxious heart.

For three whole days a conflict dire
Is waged 'twixt eatables and fire;
Still does the crane not cease to groan,
And still the oven holds its own.

Now, conscious of her skill and might,
The house-dame, with her skirts drawn tight
And cap askew, with flying strings,
The closet fills with dainty things.

The children peep with eyes aglow
To see her place the pies in row,
And scan to get with smack and sniff
Of steaming conserves just a whiff.

The day has come! The blushing morn
Now hears the lumbering stage-coach horn
That, 'mid the echoings of the hills,
The homestead with a tremor fills.

First at the door, the grandsire gray
Puts forth his staff his steps to stay;
The toddler, prattling at his knee,
Thrusts forth his head the coach to see.

The stalwart son that bides at home
Into the doorway, too, has come;
His wife and baby now appear—
Hark! 'tis the sound of wheels they hear.

The stage at last, with stately sweep,
Comes round the curve, and from it leap
The school-boy sons who left the farm,
And meet the group with greetings warm.

Quick bouncing at the prick of goad,
A pilloned nag trots up the road,
And pausing by the humble stoop,
Adds two new-comers to the group.

The meeting-house looms white and bare
High on the hill above them there,
And in its steeple thumps and sways
The bell that calls to prayer and praise.

And soon the men-folks, smiling-faced,
Responsive to its summons haste;
Whilst busy Marthas, full of care,
'Gainst their return the feast prepare.

The Feast at last. The grace is said,
And up bobs every eager head,
And bright eyes, like some greedy power,
Go seeking what they may devour.

The turkey at the feast is lost;
The chickens get their drum-sticks crossed;
And empty plates, just filled with pies,
The good wife marks with smiling eyes.

Each finds his limit reached at last;
The apples come; the nuts are passed:
The mugs of cider brimming stand,
And jokes fly round on every hand.

So goes the day till evening comes;
And on the hob the kettle hums;
The roasting apple puffs its cheek,
And children play at hide-and-seek.

Perhaps this day in years to come
May find them wanderers far from home,
And with joy-haunting memories cheer
The shadows of that changeful year.

—*Youth's Companion.*

JAMES WARING'S LESSON.

"DEAR me, so to-morrow's a holiday! What senseless things holidays are, for people like myself! Not a relation left—not a friend who cares for me!"

"Who's fault is it?" asked conscience. But James Waring had so long silenced conscience that its voice was hardly audible, and he pitied himself, as was his wont.

"I wish there was something I could do—is there no business that can be transacted on Thanksgiving Day? Let me see," and he opened his letter case in search of something to help him. "Ah, here's the very thing! Thornton writes me that he's not received any rent from his cottage for the last six months, and suspects his agent is not decided enough with the tenants. That's it! I'll go there to-morrow, and if the rent isn't paid by the first—out they shall go. Well, I'm glad there's something to do—I hate holidays!"

The cannel coal fire burned brightly, and the elderly man sitting in front of its cheerful blaze gave himself up to dreams, as was his nightly custom. But on this Thanksgiving Eve his visions took strange forms. Instead of living over the last historical scenes of which he had been reading, or laying fresh plans for greater business ventures, his mind wandered back into his own past. He saw a little boy eagerly pleading for the entire charge of the poultry-yard, sure that he "could make money by it." A year had passed, and the boy, but ten years old, was proudly showing his account to his father and mother; there was a clear profit of nearly twenty-five dollars.

The father had praised and encouraged the boy, but his mother said little and looked anxious. Years went by, and the boy is at last sent to take a position in the city. He does not go penniless, for he has earned and saved till his bank book is an important part of his outfit.

"Oh, my son, what part have you given to God?" asks the mother, and the boy, who cares little for God, but would fain please his mother, makes a great effort, and for her sake parts with some of his dearly loved savings.

"Spend this for your poor, mother," are his parting words.

"Oh, James, if you would but have *your* poor! You are going to a city where there is much want—real destitution—learn the delight of giving."

For years those words, the very last that his mother ever spoke to him, had been forgotten—buried deep and covered over by money calculations and business plans; and now he was vexed at his own memories.

"Poor mother! If she could have lived till I really could afford to give, I would have been different; but just as I was getting comfortably off—just when I had at last made up my mind to take a good holiday—I heard of her death. Is it any wonder I hate holidays? I'll go to bed, and forget those old times."

But one does not always find forgetfulness in sleep. James Waring went from street to street, looking for the cottage where he was to collect the rent. It seemed to him that again and again he saw the place, and each time a voice, strangely familiar in its tones, would say, "Do not let him find it yet; show him the poor he might have helped, before he throws away this chance," and then he would suddenly find himself in one of the few homes of the poor that he had dealings with.

The first was his washerwoman's. She had always seemed a very respectable, worthy person to him, and certainly he had paid her regularly, though he was careful to make an arrangement by the month, instead of paying by the piece.

"Mother can't you rest to-morrow, and keep one holiday?" asked a boy, evidently the widow's son.

"Ah, yes, mother," pleaded the girl from the other side of her mother's ironing-table, "do rest to-morrow. Let us have a real Thanksgiving Day—church and games and dinner—as we used to do."

"O children, don't ask me! There is no coal in the box, and Mary has no shoes for winter; and you, John, must have an overcoat, and there's the rent. No, no. I must get through all I can, and try and get more to do, instead of taking holidays."

"Mother," asked John, "is there not one person to give you a helping hand—just till I am through this one year at school? I could pay back the money, if you could only borrow one hundred dollars to help you over this year."

"And I'll be a teacher in three years, mother," said Mary. "Oh, how I wish I could stop your hard work at once. Now think, mother, isn't there any one, as John says?"

James Waring listened breathlessly; he longed to hear his name. Surely she knew he could lend her that much. But the widow, after a moment's silence, only shook her head. "No, children, we've no rich friends, and I'd only lose work if I should try to get money from customers."

"There's that Mr. Waring," said Mary, to the listener's great delight.

"He!" exclaimed mother and son, the first in utter astonishment, the second in scorn.

"Well—isn't he rich?" asked Mary, doubtfully.

"I rather think so!" responded John, "but he's mean."

"John, my son, Mr. Waring pays us promptly—you should not speak so."

"He"—

"He knows nothing about poverty or the need of money, that is all," said the widow quietly.

Again James seemed seeking the cottage, and again that voice pleaded "Not yet, not yet!" This time he was led to the basement of the house where his own rooms were. Once in a while he had gone down those lower stairs, so the scene was not altogether unfamiliar. He had seen before that thin figure lying on the lounge, had noted the air of refinement in the cosy sitting-room; but now he heard them talk, unaware of his presence.

"Marion, if I could but get South, I believe I'd grow strong! The Doctor said it might set me up. But there! I must be a weak fool to talk of it to you! It can't be done—we haven't a relation to help us. Do you know what I dream about, Marion, when you are up stairs doing the work in the lodgers' rooms?—the work that you should never do if I were well and strong."

"No, dear; tell me your fancies, if they are pleasant ones."

"I dream, wife, that instead of the people who have our rooms—the Hoffmans, who as Germans care nothing for us, and those four young clerks in the upper story who can barely pay their way, and that money-loving Waring—you had a warm-hearted, whole-souled man, who would take note of your lovely, unselfish life, and would give me, for your sake, dearest, one more chance of life."

The brave wife's eyes were filled with tears, but she would not let them overflow. "Who knows what may happen?" she answered, gayly. "You little know what such a day as to-morrow—Thanksgiving Day—may bring forth. Now stop dreaming, and we'll have a game of chess, and then I'll sing. Remember, if you went South, I could not go, too, and so it might be worse than staying."

"Not yet—let him see one more lost opportunity, lest he still refuse," pleaded the voice, and he was drawn down a narrow street, and led up to the attic of a tenement house.

"Did you ask him, Ben?" a woman was saying. "Did you tell him we can't get on, with six mouths to feed and six little bodies to clothe?"

"Ask him! To be sure I did, and got just the answer I expected. 'There are plenty of men would be glad of your situation, so, if the wages don't suit you, I can fill your place.'"

Yes, those were his own words. James Waring remembered that the porter had come to him that very day and asked for an increase of salary, but surely he had not mentioned his six children—or could it be he did not pay attention to his pleading?

"Well, Ben, there'll be one less mouth to feed soon, and the poor child eats little enough now." Then Waring saw them go to a crib in the corner, and saw a child all wasted and worn tossing wearily from side to side.

"It's enough to drive a man to drink, when you think what the firm take in each day," muttered the poor father, almost crazed as he looked on his dying child.

Waring, impatient to recall his cold refusal, made a mighty effort to speak, and awoke in the gray dawn of the November day. His dreams had been too vivid to be shaken off at once, but he tried his best to call them "mere fancies." On first waking he half resolved to call on Ben, and see if the reality were any thing like the dream, but by the time he had bathed and dressed, his old habits had conquered him, and he remembered, with a smile at his own momentary superstition, that he did not know Ben's address. Mrs. Downs brought up his breakfast, and her face recalled the dream to his mind. By way of experiment, he said, "How is Mr. Downs to-day?"

"Not much stronger, thank you, sir, The Doctor recommends a Southern trip."

Mr. Waring felt his cheek flush, but hiding behind his newspaper he gave an absent-minded "Ah—better go!" which effectually silenced Mrs. Downs. But it did not silence his conscience. It seemed as if, after the lapse of years, that voice of God in his heart must be heard—was it in answer to his mother's prayers?

"You've tried your father's grasping, money-getting ways for years, and what real happiness have they given you? Why not for one day, at least, imitate your mother? She certainly was the happier of the two."

"Perhaps a walk will make me more like myself—I'll look after Thornton's rent. I'll be bound the cottage she'a'n't escape me to-day, as it did in my dreams," and Waring started out, but the wind seemed to echo, "Throw away this chance! Throw away this chance!"

The cottage was in the suburbs and at the further end of the town, and by the time Waring had reached it he felt quite restored to himself—"had gotten over all that nervousness." He rang the bell, and was ushered into the little parlor by a lady—evidently the wife of the tenant. There was no sickness here, at any rate, for three little fellows clustered around the lady's skirts, peeping with shy, bright eyes at their visitor.

"Did you wish to see my husband, sir?"

"Papa's gone out," said the little six-year-old fellow, before Mr. Waring could reply.

"Boys, you must run into the dining-room," said Mrs. Archer, as if for the first time aware of the children's presence.

"I did wish to see your husband, madam, but my business can be transacted with you, no doubt. My friend, Mr. Thornton, has asked me to collect the rent for this cottage; it seems that the agent has been rather remiss in pressing the matter."

The lady's face paled, her hands were pressed tightly together in her lap, but her steadfast eyes met Mr. Waring's unflinchingly.

"Sir, you are a total stranger to me; but sometimes it is easier to confide in such an one than a friend. Until last night I thought the rent had been paid promptly each month. I sent it, sir, by"—the poor wife hesitated, but with an effort said, "by my husband."

"Then the agent is a scamp," said Mr. Waring, rising to leave, and resolving that said agent should smart for this.

"No, no, sir! You must hear me out. Last night my husband acknowledged to me that he had not made the payments. My husband has been drinking, and the money has gone. But, oh sir, he promises to change—he is very penitent, and I am so anxious to give him one more chance. I am sure I can earn and save the full amount, if you can wait."

"*You* can earn!" repeated Mr. Waring, looking at the delicate face and the hands, so evidently unused to hard work.

"Yes, sir. This is a sudden blow, but I have been thinking all night, and I am so anxious to save my husband—to show him that I am ready to help him if he will only reform, that I have thought of one or two ways of earning money already, and God will show me others. He helps those who help themselves, does He not, sir?"

"Indeed He does," said Mr. Waring, his heart stirred as it had not been for years. "May I venture to ask something about your plans.?"

"Certainly. If you wait for the money you have the right. Besides, I need a friend, and shall be glad of your judgment. My plan is to open a class for the children in the neighborhood. I already teach my own boys, and several of the neighbors have asked me to take their children in, but until now I thought I could not. Then I have a good knowledge of the organ, and I heard last Friday that the organist of a church not far off is to leave—I shall apply for the position, and I feel sure I shall get it."

"Had you thought of most women's first resoure—keeping boarders?"

"No, sir!" and the sweet, womanly face flushed. "I want to have my own little home sacred, if possible. Besides, though my husband has promised, he may not quite succeed, and—I could not bear to let outsiders see."

"But a lodger—a bachelor, who would only be at home after six at night? Have you not a couple of rooms that such a one could furnish for himself? You could charge a good price, and almost cover your rent."

"Oh, sir, bachelors are not so easy to be found, especially one that would pay largely, and then—it could only be a friend, one who would help my husband, not lead him further astray."

"I know of one. Will you empower me to arrange with him? As to your back rent, your plans are admirable, and I am sure Thornton will wait—I'll pay him myself, if he won't," Mr. Waring added to himself.

Mrs. Archer's brown eyes grew soft and bright, a happy smile played about her firm, determined mouth, and impulsively extending her hand, she thanked her new friend warmly. "I knew there were such warm-hearted men as you, sir, but I have not often met them. I promise you your confidence and kindness to an utter stranger shall not prove misplaced. As to your friend—I can not refuse him. Will you look at our second floor, to see if you think it might suit him?"

Smiling to himself, Mr. Waring followed her up to the pretty rooms her womanly taste had made home-like and inviting, though the furniture was of the plainest description.

"But this is evidently your room, my dear madam!"

"There are two rooms above, and I shall be so glad to be near the children! Indeed, we shall be very comfortable, if only your friend should prove *my* friend."

"Never fear! He will call to-night. I have much to see to-day, or I would bring him this afternon. Good day—for the present. I hope to hear you play on the organ before long."

Mr. Waring walked away from the cottage with a strange, new feeling at his heart. Were there many such women in the world? Was it not delightful to be able to make her look so bright, to lift part of the burden she had borne so bravely from her weak shoulders. "I declare, mother was right, and I've lost a great deal of happiness by not helping others. Just for the fun of the thing, I'll stop in at that poor widow's, and see those children of hers—wonder if my dream *was* right, and if she has a boy and girl!"

In his new enthusiasm Mr. Waring quite forgot how the morning had gone by, and it was not until he had knocked at Widow Burns's door that he realized, by the unmistakable odors, that dinner—*the* dinner of the year for all true Americans—was evidently being served. A tall boy appeared at the door, which opened directly into the sitting and dining-room. There sat the widow, evidently tired from her morning's work, with her daughter and a little crippled boy who was rejoicing in his feast of turkey and "lots of potato and gravy."

"Mr. Waring, sir! Is any thing wrong? I have the last week's list, and I am sure I made no mistake."

"No, no, my good Mrs. Burns. I am only keeping Thanksgiving-Day in my own fashion, and thought I would call and see what family you had, and what your prospects are for the winter."

Mary and John gave their mother bright, yet anxious glances, as much as to say, "Now is your time; do tell this gentleman our need." Little by little the story was told; it was almost exactly the tale of the night before. In one year more John would be able to take a position as assistant book-keeper, and Mary was steadily advancing toward the goal of her ambition—a certificate which should entitle her to a position as public school teacher.

"But mother isn't strong, and she was not brought up to wash and iron; if she could only work a little less for a year, we might save her life," said Mary, impetuously.

"Well, suppose I agreed to advance you one hundred dollars, John, would you sign a paper promising me to pay it by weekly sums from your salary when you obtain a position?"

"Indeed, I would, sir, and bless you every day of my life. And when I grow rich, as I intend to, I'll help other boys."

"Don't wait till you get rich, my boy; keep your heart and eyes open, and give out of your first earnings, or you may grow hard and mean and miserly."

The boy colored violently, and Mr. Waring felt sure that his dream had indeed been true. "All the more reason I should hurry home, and cheer up that good little Mrs. Downs. Bless my soul! here I'm about to leave her, and that will be a dreadful blow! I must find her another lodger, or pay at both places. I declare, I'll be a poor man if I keep on! But somehow I can't stop—never felt so happy in my life."

Mr. and Mrs. Downs were surprised by a call from their rich lodger, and still more surprised at the kind, friendly way in which he talked. He was as eager to talk over routes to Florida and Colorado as Mr. Downs himself, and knew much more about the advantages of the latter place. How enthusiastic the two men grew as they talked of the feasibility of Mr. Downs going first and getting better, and then taking a house at Denver for his wife to keep lodgers; or better yet, if his health were once fairly re-established, he might get a chance at farming.

"It's the getting there that is the trouble," said the invalid, at last, the old cloud settling down on his thin face.

"Oh, that's the least part of it! You must allow me to see to that. I had a delicate sister when I was a mere boy that might be living now, if we could have sent her to the West—in memory of her I want to send you."

The wife's happy face, the sick man's broken thanks, helped on the good work in James Waring's already softened heart. They would not hear of his eating alone, and he and Mrs. Downs between them improvised a high tea which was a grand success, the invalid sitting up and even asking to be helped a second time.

It was not quite easy to tell Mrs. Downs of the proposed change of rooms, but Mr. Waring found her sympathies all on the side of the brave young wife, and though she was sorry to lose him as a lodger, she was so delighted to have gained him as a friend that she did not complain.

Just as the oldest of her boys was kissing her good-night, Mr. Waring was announced to Mrs. Archer.

"You could not persuade your friend, I see," said that lady, after introducing her husband, "pray do not think us very much disappointed."

"But indeed, madam, my friend—a man's best friend, they say, is himself—has come to beg that he may take possession of his room as soon as possible."

Mrs. Archer's surprise was great, but she did not try to conceal her relief that a total stranger was not to be thrust upon them. She felt that Mr. Waring would help her in all her undertakings, and hoped that his friendship might prove ennobling to her husband.

The three talked together for an hour, and then, mutually pleased with the prospect of spending many evenings together, they parted, Mr. Waring to walk home thinking over the change in his feelings since the night before.

"This has been the happiest holiday of my life, and I mean to have many such. To-morrow I'll speak to Ben, and raise his salary, and then I must begin to plan for Christmas. There'll be lots of presents for all of these young folks I've picked up. I declare, instead of dreading my holidays I shall be getting ready for the next one all the time, and after this I shall have, as my blessed mother advised, my own poor to help and encourage."—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Electric Discharges from Animals.

TOUCHING the electric brush discharges which sometimes take place from the hair and fingers of men, and the coats of animals, as well as the leaves of trees, a recent note by M. Amat to the French Academy mentioned some curious facts which came under his observation out in Algeria, in 1876, between Djelfa and Laghouat, among the Atlas Mountains. He says that he has frequently drawn large sparks from the hair of his horse by means of his pocket comb. The best results were obtained in dry weather, in the evening between 7 and 9 p. m. If the hair was a little moist, or the sky cloudy, no sparks or cracklings could be got. Animals, and especially horses, present in a higher degree than man the power of exhibiting these discharges. Travelers on the high plateau of Central America have remarked that the coats of their horses discharge sparks under the brush or currycomb; and in South Algeria it is common to see the hairs of the tail so much alive with the electric forces that they diverge from the center. On stroking the tail by hand, distinct crackling sounds may be heard, especially during the day. One reason why man accumulates less electricity than the horse is perhaps that the horse is better insulated on his horny hoofs.

THE Czar, when at his palace in Livadia, is continually surrounded by policemen and soldiers. The park and castle are watched night and day by imperial spies, to prevent the influx of Nihilistic assassins.

Hewitt Pays His Respects to Judge Davis.

In his opinion in the case of Kenward Philp, charged with having forged the Garfield-Morey letter and thus criminally libeling General Garfield, Judge Davis characterized the conduct of Mr. Hewitt in severe and unjudicial and partisan terms. Mr. Hewitt makes the following reply:

The Judge who sits upon the bench is supposed to know the evidence which has been given by a witness. Certainly he should examine it before he undertakes to make statements as to its nature and to draw conclusions from it. That Judge Davis has not performed this duty the following comparison of his statement with my testimony will serve to prove:

The passage is quoted from the opinion in which it is made to appear that the Morey letter was not published until after Mr. Hart had it examined by Hewitt. Mr. Hewitt makes this rejoinder:

Now, the simple and unanswerable reply to all this statement, the extraordinary comments in which Judge Davis has seen fit to indulge, is that the letter had already been published in *Truth* before I had ever seen Mr. Hart or the original letter, or any copy of it. This fact Judge Davis must have known when he penned the above lines, because I had sworn, in his presence, and after the cross-examination by Mr. Stoughton, in which Mr. Bliss intervened to verify the dates, that the interview with Mr. Hart and the examination of the letter took place on the 20th of October, after its publication in *Truth*, and not before. I do not know whether Mr. Hart made a mistake in his testimony as to date, but if he did there is no possible justification for Judge Davis to base a statement on this mistake in order to attack from the Bench the character of a citizen after the date had been fixed beyond the possibility of all controversy.

While writing this statement I sent a messenger to Mr. Hart to ascertain whether he had ever made any declaration at variance with the facts as I have stated them. Mr. Hart replies he never said, testified, or thought that Mr. Hewitt, or any one connected with the National Committee, saw the letter in advance of the publication of the text of the letter in *Truth* on the 20th of October. I never pronounced the body and signature of the letter to be in the handwriting of General Garfield. On the contrary, in the presence of Mr. Hart, and all the gentlemen present, I declared the body of the letter not to be in the handwriting of General Garfield, but that I believed the signature to be his autograph. As to the second interview in the evening, it took place after my speech at Chickering Hall, when I was exhausted, and took no other part in the discussion but to reaffirm my belief in the genuineness of the signature. I did not tell Mr. Hart that I would have made it a forgery if I could, nor has he or any one else testified I ever used the expression.

To Judge Davis' assertion that Hewitt "went on with his associates scattering the forgery broadcast throughout the country." Hewitt replies:

So far as I am concerned, it would, perhaps, be sufficient answer to say that I never circulated any lithographs or fac-similies of either kind, but, in order to show with what reckless eagerness the charge is made, I state that I am assured by the person who did send out the fac-similes that only the first or accurate ones were circulated, and that the second or amended fac-similes were only published in *Truth*, over which it is not pretended the committee had any control. I forbear to make any commentary whatever upon the extraordinary character of the opinion produced by Judge Davis. It is enough for me to point out that the foundation upon which he has built up an attack upon my character is false in fact, and with this demonstration the consequences can only be damaging to himself. I was prepared for this attack by the evidently prearranged preliminary statement of Mr. Stoughton in the *Times* of yesterday, and I am now forced to believe that there is a concerted scheme to attempt to break me down in this community where I have lived for fifty years, and to which I can more safely trust for just judgment than to a Judge of the Supreme Court who forgets that when he becomes a Judge he should cease to be a partisan.

General Hancock.

General Hancock is General Hancock still, but he is none the worse for that. The campaign in which he has been defeated has not hurt him. On the contrary, the country knows him much better than it ever knew him before, and its enlarged information concerning him is all to his advantage. The ordeal through which he has passed has been no ordinary one. He has had to meet in one way or another misconception and misrepresentation, but all that he has done so admirably that it might be difficult to say in which party he had the most admirers. He has proved himself invulnerable to the shafts of party slander and malignity. The keenest points have been turned against the impenetrable armor of character by which he has been protected, and this element of strength was long ago confessed by his party opponents, who desired a campaign free from personalities, because they could not match our Achilles, who, if vulnerable in his heel, has given his enemies no chance to know it, as he never turns his heels toward them. The campaign has resulted in the temporary defeat of the Democratic party, but General Hancock is not to blame for it. Personally, he is as grand in defeat as he ever was in victory. He has a clear conscience, and in all the opportunity that a hot canvass opens for mistakes in a Presidential contest he has done nothing to lower his self-respect or lower the standard of manliness which the world has associated with him. He has no reason to be sorry that he accepted the leadership to which he was assigned by the action of the Democratic party. It was a patriotic act on their part, and on his. He is a man eminently worthy the confidence of any party, and, as we have already stated, the broader acquaintance with his character and abilities that has resulted from his candidacy is of value to the country. His motives have stood the test of analysis. His patriotism at every point has been found without speck or flaw. His knowledge of the principles upon which our system of government rests, and his appreciation of the considerations that should rule in every department of that Government, are remarkable in a military man, and would have been of great value to the country. But the decision of the people has been averse to that and General Hancock can stand it quite as well as they can. He has accepted the result like a soldier, a philosopher and a gentleman. He has grown in the love and respect of the people from the time he was nominated until the present, and his name will always be among those to be wreathed with the tokens of honor and popular regard. There are only kind words and kind thoughts for him, however much others may be criticised.—*Boston Post.*

——On the Pacific coast they don't believe in Garfield's Chinese doctrine.

An Address by the National Committee.

The Executive Committee of the National Democratic Committee has issued the following address:

In response to inquiries, the National Democratic Committee makes the following statement in reference to the so-called Morey letter:

1. Neither the Committee nor any sub-committee thereof has ever taken any action in reference to the letter.

2. It was first called to the attention of the Chairman of the Committee on the night before its publication in *Truth* on the 20th of October.

3. The Chairman thereupon requested Mr. Smalley, a member of the Committee, to examine the letter, but permission to do so was refused at the office of *Truth*.

4. No member of the Committee ever saw the letter or any copy or portion thereof until after its publication, or was in any wise concerned therein, or gave any advice in reference thereto.

5. Hart, publisher of *Truth*, brought the original letter to headquarters, No. 138 Fifth avenue, on the afternoon of the 20th of October, where it was seen for the first time by any member of the Committee, and then examined by several members of the Committee and other persons not members. All those who were familiar with the handwriting of General Garfield came to the conclusion that the letter was genuine.

6. The Committee decided to purchase a reasonable number of electrotype plates of the fac simile, which had already been prepared by *Truth*.

7. No denial having come from General Garfield of the authenticity of the letter, notwithstanding the telegraphic demand of the New York *Herald*, and a very sharp leader in that paper, the Committee decided to give out the electrotype plates, which was accordingly done. The propriety of this action was not doubted by the Committee, as the letter seemed to be in harmony with General Garfield's views upon the subject, covered by a letter gathered from the public records, of undoubted genuineness.

8. The first complete denial was not published until four days after the original publication in *Truth*, and to this denial, unsupported by any other evidence, the Committee, in view of General Garfield's connection with other scandals, attached no weight.

9. Therefore, when evidence was offered to show that Morey was a real person, and not a myth, the Committee called for its production, as they were bound to do, in order to arrive at the truth.

10. If the letter has been forged, or any fraud committed in reference thereto, or any false evidence been given, it has been done without the knowledge, consent or privity of the Committee, or any member thereof.

Finally, the Committee approves of all honest measures to punish any and all persons who have committed any violation of law, and have no interest in this matter but to arrive at the very truth of the affair. That there should be doubt as to the autenticity of the letter is largely due to the failure of the prosecution to put General Garfield on the stand.

WM. H. BARNUM, Chairman.

By order of the Committee.

FREDERICK O. PRINCE, Secretary.

The Empire Triumphant.

It appears that Grant, Conkling, Cameron, Logan have been elected President. It appears as we write that the effect of the October election was too potent to be overcome. This October effect has never failed to make itself felt in our Presidential elections. When Pennsylvania was an October State, other States followed Pennsylvania, sheep jumping down a precipice. The methods by which Ohio and Indiana were carried in October are known to the country. It was these, therefore, that won the [illegible] for we assume that it is not Democracy. What has [illegible] Sectionalism has triumphed, there cheap labor has triumphed, coercion of the white working [illegible] triumphed; falsehood in [illegible] on the stump has triumphed; bribation has triumphed; the Emperor [illegible] unphed. It is not the triumphant field, it is the victory of the [illegible] who came to his rescue in October [illegible] diana before the 12th of October, in whose hands he is. We [illegible] announce to the people of the United States, or the large portion of them who will read this issue of our journal, that we can endure these victories if they can endure them. We are certainly in as good a position to suffer them as the laboring men of the United States. We shall continue business at the old stand, notwithstanding the transient triumph of a cause which ought not to be the victor.

Who and what have been beaten? A brave Union soldier, heroic in battle, a noble and splendid lover of civil liberty in peace, has been defeated. The beautiful sentiment of union, the harmonious impulses that should fill the hearts of the people of one country, have been for the moment crushed. It is disclosed by the methods we have indicated that Union is not wanted. It is announced that the great rivers that flow like arteries through this continent to the Gulf, bearing upon their bosoms the rich argosies of an industrious people, begin in one country and end in another. That was the commanding argument of the canvass, and that is the interpretation to be placed upon the verdict. This, therefore, is not the triumph in which the patriotic American finds cause for exultation. There is in the victory no flavor of fraternity, no gentle belief that this country is to be one in the affections of the future as it is one in history, in interest, in geography, in beauty. The Republican party in conducting this campaign and this election have done all that they could do to destroy this sentiment of Union.

But the triumph is not permanent. The Democratic principle, the idea which underlies our system of government, is as lasting as the continent on which that Government dwells. The Democratic party, old as the century, can survive the defeats of a quarter of the century. It has "sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat"—while the Republic lives it will live. If the country seems now at the feet of a spirit of centralization, of centralized power that does not differ from the Empire, it is in spite of Democratic protest; and the Democratic party, notwithstanding this temporary reverse, will falter not from its lofty spirit; will fail not in its final purpose; will continue its splendid march in the cause of the people against power, in the cause of Democracy. There is a story of a people who were forty years in the wilderness. They were engaged in no better cause than that of Democracy on earth. The Democratic party is one of invincible hope; and it has belief in the doctrine:

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne:
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

And the Democratic party is forever opposed to the throne.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE bride and bridegroom at a Nashville wedding had only one leg apiece.